



At the Boat

SHE is waiting, little Maysie,
I can see each shining curl,
And with joy her eyes are beaming,
Mother's sweet, old-fashioned girl;
For she kissed me when we parted,
With a tremor at her throat,
But her words were bright and hopeful,
"I will meet you at the boat."

I have been in halls of learning
And the mansions of the proud,
But I wearied of their wisdom
And was lonely in a crowd.
Still in fancy I have listened
For the wildwood robin's note,
And for Maysie's cheerful promise,
"I will meet you at the boat."

Now I see the low-browed cottage,
Nestling 'mong the maple trees,
And the perfume of the May flowers
Mingles with the evening breeze.
Ne'er again my feet shall wander
To these stranger lands remote,
But will rest with little Maysie
Who has met me at the boat.